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YOGI BEAR

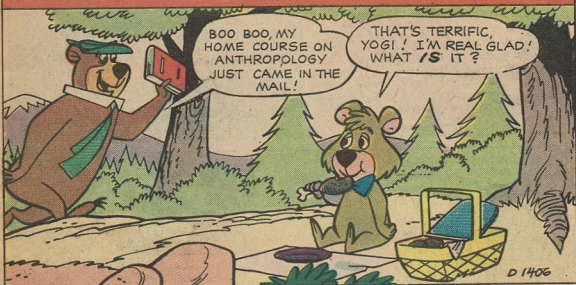
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YOGI BEAR



YOGI BEAR *in* TEACHER'S PET

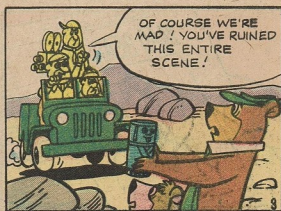
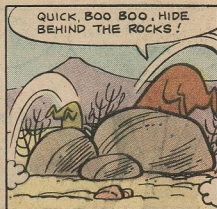


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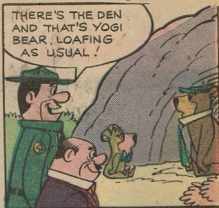
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YOU TWO ARE GUESTS OF HONOR AT OUR PARTY! THE WHOLE TRIBE IS GRATEFUL FOR YOUR DISCOVERY OF OUR ANCIENT SYMBOL OF THE SUN GOD!



YOU MEAN YOU'RE NOT MAD AT US?

HOW COULD WE BE MAD? WE'RE VERY GRATEFUL FOR WHAT YOU DID!



UH, CHIEF, WOULD YOU LOAN THE MUSEUM THIS VERY IMPORTANT SACRED STONE TO DISPLAY IN OUR MUSEUM?

THE TRIBE WILL BE DELIGHTED, MY FRIEND! WE WANT THE HISTORY OF OUR PEOPLE TO BE KNOWN TO ALL!



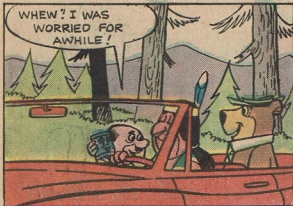
THANKS, MIGHTY CHIEF, AND GOOD-BYE!



GOOD-BYE, FRIENDS!

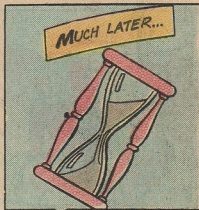
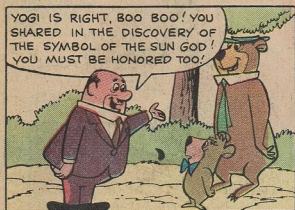


WHEW? I WAS WORRIED FOR AWHILE!

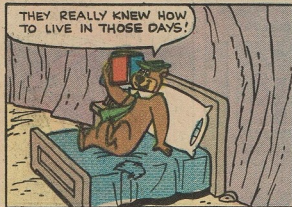


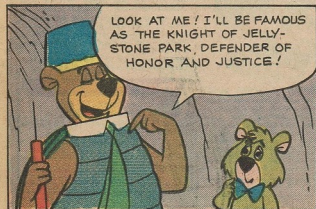
ON OUR WAY TO THE MUSEUM, YOGI, LET US STOP FOR YOUR LITTLE FRIEND, BOO BOO!

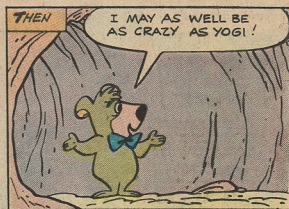
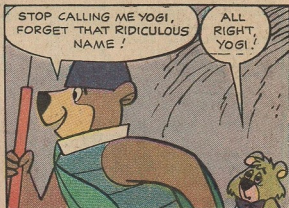




YOGI RIDES AGAIN!

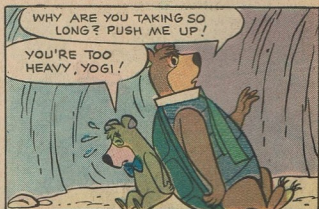


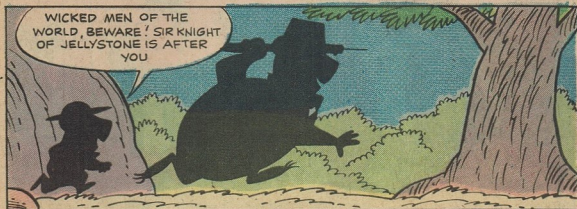












**YOGI
BEAR**

STAR OF THE SHOW

LADEEZ AND GENTLEMEN, WE NOW
PRESENT THESE BRAVE AND BRILLIANT
BEARS PERFORMING THEIR
PERILOUS PYRAMID!

D-1446

WE MUST HAVE
ABSOLUTE QUIET! THIS
IS A HIGHLY DANGEROUS
FEAT!!

THERE'S MORE
TO THIS THAN
MEETS THE
EYE!

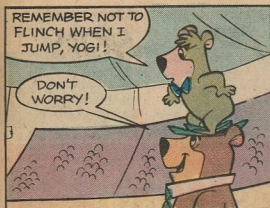
YEAH,
THREE
SQUARE
MEALS
A DAY!

DON'T TALK ABOUT
FOOD! I GET SHAKY
FROM HUNGER!

YOU WATCH
IT! YOU'RE
SQUASHING
MY HAT
DOWN
OVER MY
EYES!

I CAN'T HELP IT,
YOGI! I'M NEW AT
THIS!

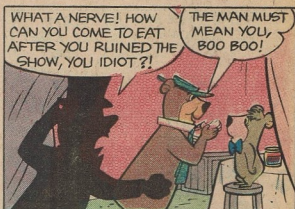
W-WATCH IT, YOGI,
YOU'RE SHAKY!



CONTINUED AFTER THE NEXT TWO PAGES













BONERS, MOANERS²¹ AND GROANERS!

For more than thirty years I have taught those darling little children in the grade schools. It has been necessary for me to give them examinations on what they have studied and should have learned. Sometimes the examination is written. Other times it is oral. I also have to ask questions on what they are doing in school. One thing is certain. If teacher is not clear in pronouncing the word or doesn't make the meaning clear of an idea, you can get some unusual answers from those kids. They always enjoyed trying to catch teacher with a riddle or a puzzle. Or find something that teacher doesn't know.

In the afternoon we had a period of twenty minutes called: "Ask and Tell." Frank raised his hand and came to the front of the class.

"What is a very heavy word in the English language?" he asked. The hand of Marie went up at once. And she gave her answer.

"Elephant. That is a big heavy word. I went to the zoo with my parents on Sunday. I saw an elephant. It is very big and heavy. So that is the word."

If you guess correctly, then you came up in front of the class and could ask a word puzzle. Six hands went up. And according to Frank nobody had the right answer. Then the class gave up. He took a piece of chalk and wrote this word on the blackboard: Stone.

"Why is that a very heavy word?" demanded Philip. "It could be a big stone. It could be a small stone. You tell me why?"

Frank then rewrote the word stone this way: S-ton-e. He looked back at Philip.

"You will at once observe that there is a ton between the first and last letter of the word. A ton is 2,000 pounds. So you will admit it is a very heavy word."

Some questions go on term after term. When my father was a boy he asked the same question that Joan asked of her classmates:

"What is the longest word in the English language. Not a scientific word."

Jimmy raised his hand. Went up to the board and wrote the answer: Disestablishmentarianism.

"Wrong. Wrong," shouted Peter. "I know a longer word."

So Peter came up to the board and then wrote his word in large letters: Antidisestablishmentarianism.

"Wrong. Wrong," shouted Francine. I know a much longer word. So she came up to the board and wrote her word: Smiles.

"Why is that a longer word?" even I wanted to know. So she rewrote the word: S-mile-S. Then said to me, "There is a mile between the first and the last letter. So that makes it the longest word." This time I was ready for all of my students.

"Fiji, the only new independent country of 1970 has a prime minister with the longest name. It is: Batu Sir Kamisee Kapaiwai Tuimacilai Mara Ul-i-Lakbu."

That made all of them happy. And the period was ended.

We gave out report cards three times each term. And you generally had problems with both students and parents. Especially when the marks were low. The students had two days in which to return the report cards with the signatures of their parents. Marvin returned his report card unsigned.

"Did you show it to mother?" I asked him after 3 o'clock.

"No," was the word he used and Marvin was a truthful boy.

"You failed History, Written English, Spelling, and Geography," I said to him gently. "Is this why you are afraid to show it to your mother?"

"Yes," was the one word reply he used to inform me of what I already knew.

"Are you afraid that your mother will spank you or punish you in another way?" I continued.

"No," was his single word reply again. This could go on forever. I needed a reason for his actions.

"You tell me in your own words why you didn't show your report card to your mother and have her sign it?" I wanted to know.

"You should see my mother," he sighed. "She is a very sensitive woman. That is what my father says. If she saw how bad my marks were, know what she would do? She would cry and cry. One thing my father can't stand. Is to see my mother cry. So I didn't show it to her. You understand?"

I did. So I sent for Marvin's father and he signed the report card. Next marking period, son passed all subjects. Until we meet again.